

The Evening World Daily Magazine

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REMARKS ON GRATITUDE.

IN politics a man's enemies are his friends and his friends are his enemies. If people get this into their heads there will be less nonsense about the "ingratitude" of one man or another. A man's so-called friends are the public's enemies, because there is no way of rewarding them save at the public's expense; the obligation must be discharged vicariously. A man's so-called enemies are the public's friends—and actually his own—because they want nothing of him and their hostile criticism holds him up to his duty by the State.

"Avoid entangling alliances," Washington's farewell advice to his country, is sound advice to every man in public life. All political friendships are entangling. They may be maintained only while they promise advantage, and the obligation of gratitude must be disallowed when it ceases to be "the lively sense of favors to come." That sagacious leader, William McKinley, understood this. In his old Congress district, the Eighteenth Ohio, when they speak of a man as a "McKinley politician" they mean one who would rebuff a benefactor and give a post-office to an enemy to attract new support.

Stand by your friends? How can you make yourself responsible for them when you cannot control their conduct, and when, after all, it is the public, not yourself, that must pay the bill? The public demands their sacrifice, and ratifies it with enthusiasm. When Gen. Guy Henry was Governor of Porto Rico he said, "I had to jail some of my best friends." It was the most popular thing he did. The most popular thing any official can do is to turn on a boss—not a boss of the other party, but of his own, and one who has been his "guide, philosopher and friend." The so-called ingratitude of the act is its claim to favor. That was a true manifestation of sentiment when Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia turned on his political cronies and thousands of cheering citizens daily escorted him to the City Hall.

A great but much-misunderstood Italian of the sixteenth century got to the root of the matter when he said that a prince is "often forced, in order to maintain the State, to act contrary to fidelity, friendship and humanity." A politician is under the same constraint. In his evolution upward he must exchange the loyalties of the cabal for those of the community—shed them, as the Dancer of the Seven Veils her wrappings, until he stands naked of all entangling obligation. So he may rise into the lonely austerities of a self-interest that has become indistinguishable from the State's. Otherwise, with his accumulating obligations, he will drag an ever-lengthening chain, and fall at last into the abyss of private life.

In politics it is as needful to snub one's friends as in society it may be to snub one's poor relations. The dedication of Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" is "to the rare few who early in life have rid themselves of the friendship of the many," and in public affairs these few have climbed high. Is there a finer line in Shakespeare than the words of Henry V. when his disreputable tavern cronies, Falstaff, asserted an intimacy that had become impossible? "I know thee not, old man," said the whilom Prince Hal, and the merit of the speech is that it left Falstaff's heart "fractured and corroborate," as Pistol put it.

The popular indictment of Taft is his "good nature," that is, his loyalty to friends. Roosevelt's great popular asset is his Ananias Club, a collection of ex-friends.

In private life gratitude remains a duty, but in public life, like consistency, it is "the infirmity of small minds." What have politics to do with duties anyhow? Their subject matter is rights. The French revolutionists thought of adding to the Declaration of Rights a Declaration of Duties, but, as Lord Acton recites, "the assembly decided that a system of rights belonged to politics, and a system of duties to ethics, and rejected the motion."

CATCHING IT COMING AND GOING.

THE same men who last August were saying, in the words of Holmes, "Good Lord, how hot it grows!" have been complaining of the cold for a fortnight. One would think from their outcries that the climate had changed in the generation, or that people are less able than they were to endure its extremes. Neither is the case. What has happened is that most men no longer dwell in keeping.

Farmers and teamsters do. They go in shirt-sleeves in the summer and in winter they wear heavy flannels, thickly padded coats, felt-lined boots and woollen caps that pull down over the ears. But city folk wear stiff collars and cuffs and coats with padded shoulders in summer. In winter they are ashamed to wear caps, earmuffs, woollen mittens or thick outer coats, and many affect light underwear in the year around.

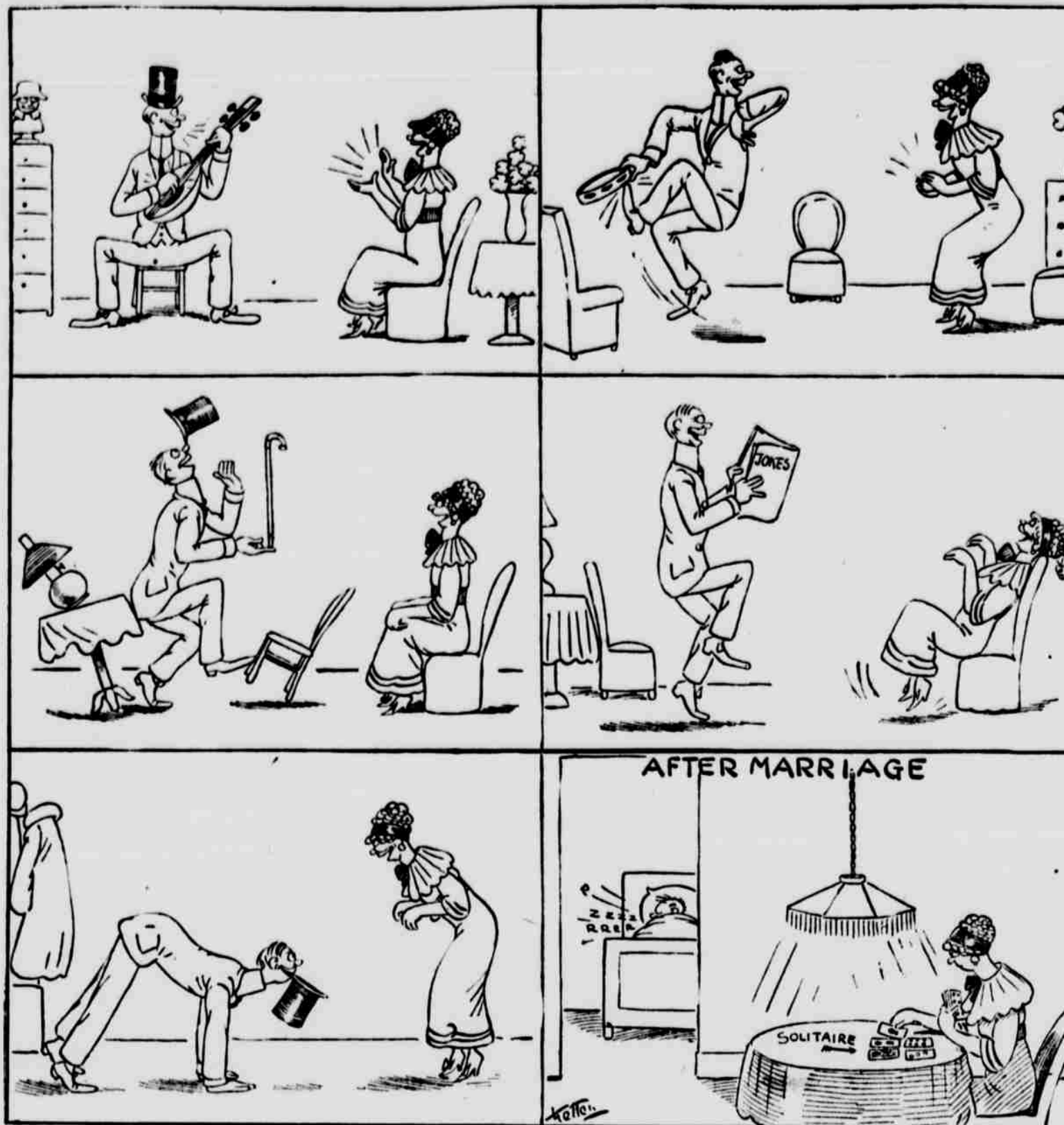
Nothing but vanity and custom stand in the way of sartorial comfort, winter and summer. It is cheaper to be cool in August and warm in January than not to be. The civilization of a people is measured by its ability to adjust itself to its surroundings. The clothing customs of New Yorkers mark them as far down the scale as their electric fans and their fur-trimmed coats.

Letters from the People

The Wall of the Unemployed.
Telling how they advanced from the bottom of the ladder, and advising young men to begin in the same steps. But if these men looked into the question of today, wouldn't it seem very different to them?
JOHN H. FRIDAY.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did April 2, 1902, fall?
M. M. L.
A West Point Query.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find out about entering West Point? I am seventeen years of age.
J. H. G.
Consult the World Almanac, apply to your Congressman for information or write direct to the superintendent of the West Point Military Academy.

Such Is Life! (Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co., (The New York World).)

By Maurice Ketten



AFTER MARRIAGE

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon: Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated by Helen Rowland.
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L.A.S., my daughters, ye have come unto me saying:
"Go to, thou sluggard! WHY wilt thou not join with us that cry 'Votes for Women!'"

"For we are SLAVES, and thou wilt not seek to liberate us!"
"We are downtrodden, and thou wilt not succor us!"
But I say unto ye:
"Nay! If ye desire the Ballot, then should ye HAVE IT; for whatsoever a WOMAN wanteth, it should be granted unto her."

"But as for ME, I do not seek to vote; neither to alter the laws of my Country one jot or tittle; for they are all for MY deliverance."
Behold, if mine husband please me not, then can I take up my trunk and my pet poodle and depart from him, and who shall stay me?
But, if I displease mine husband and he fleeeth from me, then must he PAY for his freedom; for alimony is the price of his liberty.

If I squander mine husband's shekels on tinsel and fine raiment, and bridge, who shall admonish me?
But, if mine husband so much as toucheth one of MY shekels, then shall the law and the prophets punish him, and cry out upon him.

For that which is mine husband's is MINE, but that which is mine is MINE OWN!
Lo, I may appear in the Tabernacle wearing forty satish plumes, and hiding the altar from the sight of man, and the multitudes will praise me.

But what MAN dareth appear in the House of Worship with his HAT on?
If my Beloved breaketh truth with me, then may I sue him, charging "Breach of Promise," and the Jury will award me such damages, saying: "Poor thing!"

But, if my Beloved seeketh to sue ME for Breach of Promise, then will they mock at him, crying, "Cud!" and "Poorsport!"
And he will get nothing but their laughs.

Lo, if I go out into the Highways, and strike down mine enemy, yet, though I do him unto death, WHAT man shall condemn me unto the gallows?

But if a MAN doeth this thing, he shall forfeit his life.
Yea, verily, whatsoever evil a MAN doeth, he shall pay the penalty therefor.

But for whatsoever evil I do, I shall be pitied and excused.
For am I not an AMERICAN WOMAN?
Go to, thou Simple One! What shall the VOTE profit me?
For I do not desire Equality, but IMMUNITY.
I do not yearn for my rights, but for my PRIVILEGES.
And the Laws of my Country look GOOD to ME! Selah.

The Week's Wash

By Martin Green.

I must have been an awful blow to Col. Harvey," remarked the head polisher, "when Gov. Wilson publicly cast him out of the information that every scout from the Colonel's journal of political enlightenment was a 'knock'."
"Such is life in politics," said the head polisher, "and the laundry man, 'To-day the booster for a candidate seems in the dim but more or less joyous future a nice, fat job with much honor attaching thereto, leaving out of the question all consideration of salary. To-morrow the booster is uttering low words and wondering what hit him. However, Col. Harvey got his early 'The general rule is that the booster shall continue to boost until the boosted candidate is elected. Then the booster, full of elation and expectation, hies himself to Washington or Albany or wherever the successful candidate may be and gently suggests that such a useful candidate come across with tangible evidence of gratitude.'"
"Alas! such evidence is usually slow in making its appearance. The booster waits and waits and waits. Finally the Washington Monument or the dome of the State House or something equally light and intangible falls on him and he hastens to buy a ticket for home, murmuring in the mean time something about a serpent's tooth. Col. Harvey is naturally of a buoyant disposition, and it must afford him some satisfaction to know that the kibosh is much easier to bear before the election than after."

"We see in this incident, as well as in the progress of the movement to run President Taft's renomination special off the track, what a large and convincing part of the free and enlightened Republic play in the selection of their candidates for President. The President are going to vote next November. And one would naturally suppose that they are looking about to pick from our population of some 100,000,000 a couple of transcendent statesmen to lead the hosts of Democracy and Republicanism."
"Note how additionally the President are engaged in this pursuit. In some States we have preferential primaries, but the President have nothing to do with naming the candidates. They are waiting for the announcements of the gentlemen who have so kindly taken the work off their hands. Are the President putting up the money for the numerous press agencies which are flooding the country with laudatory or condemnatory articles concerning the few patriots who consider themselves qualified to occupy the White House? I'd like to meet one of the President that has put up a dollar. And if the President are not putting up and the patriots are not putting up, where are the trees the money grows on?"

The Straphanger's Hope.
"SPEAKING of the President," said the head polisher, "it ought to interest them to know that subway relief is promised."
"Quite right," agreed the laundry man.

"A couple of years ago we planted a set of city officers who had pledged themselves to a specific plan of subway extensions. In the course of a few months they succeeded in tangling up the situation so thoroughly that the aid of the President was sought in straightening it out. And who were the straphangers called in to do the straightening?"
"No less than J. P. Morgan Jr., H. P. Davidson of the Morgan banking house, Seth Low, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien and the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Of course these gentlemen had in mind nothing but more subway, faster trains and so forth for all the President. Possibly, we don't know how fortunate we are in having in our midst gentlemen so willing and competent to guide our city officials. Possibly we do not."

What Did We Do, Anyhow?
"I SAID," said the head polisher, "that Senator Ellery had advised the President to cultivate self-control." "I wonder," mused the laundry man, "if I should."

CONTROL YOURSELF!
"TRUSTS!"

FOOLISH QUESTION.
The editor of the woman's page was on his vacation and the sporting editor had jumped into the breach.
"Well, what do you think of this?" he asked, as he held up a perfunctory communication. "Here's a fool woman wants to know how to make a lemon tart; just as though a lemon wasn't tart enough already."—Life.

BEST NONE TOO GOOD.
A social leader at Narragansett was arranging for a musicale, and called a local "professor" into consultation.
"I think," he said, "would better have two first violins, two second violins, two third violins, two fourth violins, two fifth violins, two sixth violins, two seventh violins, two eighth violins, two ninth violins, two tenth violins, two eleventh violins, two twelfth violins, two thirteenth violins, two fourteenth violins, two fifteenth violins, two sixteenth violins, two seventeenth violins, two eighteenth violins, two nineteenth violins, two twentieth violins, two twenty-first violins, two twenty-second violins, two twenty-third violins, two twenty-fourth violins, two twenty-fifth violins, two twenty-sixth violins, two twenty-seventh violins, two twenty-eighth violins, two twenty-ninth violins, two thirtieth violins, two thirty-first violins, two thirty-second violins, two thirty-third violins, two thirty-fourth violins, two thirty-fifth violins, two thirty-sixth violins, two thirty-seventh violins, two thirty-eighth violins, two thirty-ninth violins, two fortieth violins, two forty-first violins, two forty-second violins, two forty-third violins, two forty-fourth violins, two forty-fifth violins, two forty-sixth violins, two forty-seventh violins, two forty-eighth violins, two forty-ninth violins, two fiftieth violins, two fifty-first violins, two fifty-second violins, two fifty-third violins, two fifty-fourth violins, two fifty-fifth violins, two fifty-sixth violins, two fifty-seventh violins, two fifty-eighth violins, two fifty-ninth violins, two sixtieth violins, two sixty-first violins, two sixty-second violins, two sixty-third violins, two sixty-fourth violins, two sixty-fifth violins, two sixty-sixth violins, two sixty-seventh violins, two sixty-eighth violins, two sixty-ninth violins, two seventieth violins, two seventy-first violins, two seventy-second violins, two seventy-third violins, two seventy-fourth violins, two seventy-fifth violins, two seventy-sixth violins, two seventy-seventh violins, two seventy-eighth violins, two seventy-ninth violins, two eightieth violins, two eighty-first violins, two eighty-second violins, two eighty-third violins, two eighty-fourth violins, two eighty-fifth violins, two eighty-sixth violins, two eighty-seventh violins, two eighty-eighth violins, two eighty-ninth violins, two ninetieth violins, two ninety-first violins, two ninety-second violins, two ninety-third violins, two ninety-fourth violins, two ninety-fifth violins, two ninety-sixth violins, two ninety-seventh violins, two ninety-eighth violins, two ninety-ninth violins, two hundred violins."—Philadelphia Ledger.

FOOLISH QUESTION.
The editor of the woman's page was on his vacation and the sporting editor had jumped into the breach.
"Well, what do you think of this?" he asked, as he held up a perfunctory communication. "Here's a fool woman wants to know how to make a lemon tart; just as though a lemon wasn't tart enough already."—Life.

The Jarr Family

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MR. JARR did not see the Reception Committee rush off to the telephone as he took his seat in the box in the balcony overlooking the dancing floor at the Lady Steam Pliers' ball. He wiped his brow, feeling he was up against it, but would die the game.

While Gertrude, in some of her own flattery and much of Mrs. Jarr's, gave an imitation of young Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith's best manner, as she sent one waiter with her wraps to the ladies' dressing room and knuckled at another who brought in a champagne cooler with a bottle of a popular brand, smothering from the ice, and two glasses, on the dancing floor below some twenty dancers, mainly in costume as cowboys, cowgirls, Spanish bull fighters, sailors, clowns and flower girls, were two-stepping in a slow and sedate manner.

"The ball ain't really begin yet," said the chairman of the Reception Committee, who had returned. "Alderman Perrier and his wife open the ball with the grand march. You're the first wine party, however."

Mr. Jarr thought of the four-dollar-and-thirteen-cent champagne was to cost and his heart sank.

Even at the school age the boys vied with each other in carrying her books and giving her all the little ATTENTION due to that age.

She looked at him with a smile, and accepted them all quite as a matter of course. A little later the mother of Eve in her looked about. And on her shopping tour she would many times ask the question:

"I wonder when I will want?"
And having singled out one or two or three she would immediately set about in the bargaining business of hearts. Many a gracious glance and a sympathetic speech and a kindly consideration she DISMISSED into the camp of those whom she sought.

"Oh, the winning game is not a DIPLOMATIC one and there is the exception. NOT the rule, that is really meant for the 'female of the species'."

Well, as it happened, in the vernacular, "they tell for it," and she had the heart. But now that she had it, having secretly sought it, she did not WANT it. Sometimes it was not so clear enough to hurt too deeply, and again—but that is another tale. However, she grew a bit older.

When birthday came around now she began to SUBTLY instead of add, which is no unusual way with our

Mr. Jarr Bursts Into Society From an Entirely New Angle

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daughters of Eve. Then she would say to herself:

"I wonder whom I shall have."
She would look about and wonder who might be won. This time she was thinking she would like a heart "for keeps." So she CONTINUED her shopping expedition.

Occasionally she would find one that would seemingly meet with her approval, but when he had arrived at the "Will you?" stage, another one loomed up in the middle distance and she at once issued herself an exchange check. This happened very often. But she went on. Many times when "he" thought that here were "two hearts that beat as one," in reality they beat as three. She went on the theory that absence makes the heart grow fonder for the NEW ONE. And so it continued.

One rainy morning she awoke to find that her mirror reflected back a THICK countenance, having exerted many energies and life-giving forces for what? Mere CONQUESTS. Shopping for MANY hearts and possessing NONE.

She became a bit LONELY. Then she began to wonder again. This time her query was:

"I wonder who will have me?"
She looked about again. This time giving close attention to her shopping. For it was getting late and the storehouse for joyous youthful love was CLOSING.

Usually she wandered over to the bargain counter. But as woman loves remnants of anything except a man, and even the mixture had been much "poked over," she began to realize that she had done TOO MUCH shopping and not enough REAL PURCHASING.

She had given others much trouble and yet had even herself NOTHING to show for it. The past was GONE. The future seemed to hold only emptiness. It was not so EASY to attract.

Now she came to understand the real need of a heart that beats for a beloved one. One usually does realize this need in the TWILIGHT of things.

She wished she had not been so LAX in her shopping. She began to think:

"Does nobody want me?"
I imagine somebody DID come along. Yet he was not chosen as he might have been of yore. But it was late.

MORALE: IN SHOPPING FOR HEARTS BE SURE TO PURCHASE ONE BEFORE CLOSING TIME.

The Alternative.



"Jack never calls on me any more. I don't know whether he's afraid I don't want to see him or what."

"Probably 'what.'"